BANNER OF PROGRESS.

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LITERARY.

A WISH.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I ask not that my bed of death
From hands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, then kindly weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask that but my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All that makes death a hideous show.

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels Death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of ONE,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAGIC.

THE "BLACK ART."—(CONTINUED.)

The following from the memoirs of Benevenuto Cellini, an Italian, who lived in the sixteenth century, will give the reader an insight into the mysteries of magic or necromancy:

"About this time I fell in love, as young men are apt to do. The object of my passion was a Sicilian girl, of extraordinary beauty, who seemed to repay my attachment with an equal ardor. Although we concealed our mutual regard from her mother, the old lady perceived it, and was apprehensive of the consequences. I had indeed formed a design to run away with the girl to Florence, and stay there a year with her, unknown to her mother. The latter being apprised of my intention, quitted Rome one night with her daughter, and having taken the road to Naples, gave out that she was going to Civita Vecchia, but went to Ostia. I followed them to Civita Vecchia, and committed innumerable extravagancies in search of my mistress. It would be tedious to give a circumstantial account of all these follies; let it suffice to say, that I was upon the point of losing my senses or dying of grief.

"Two months after, the girl wrote me word that she was in Sicily, extremely unhappy. I was then indulging myself in pleasures of all sorts, and had engaged in another amour to cancel the memory of my Sicilian mistress. It happened, through a variety of odd accidents, that I made acquaintance with a Sicilian priest, who was a man of genius, and well versed in the Latin and Greek authors. Happening one day to have some conversation with him upon the art of necromancy, I, who had a great desire to know something of the matter, told him, that I had all my life felt a curiosity to be acquainted with the mysteries of this art. The priest made answer, 'that the man must be of a resolute and steady temper who enters upon that study.' I replied, 'that I had fortitude and resolution enough, if I could but find an opportunity.' The priest subjoined, 'If you think you have the heart to venture., I will give you all the satisfaction you can desire.' Thus we agreed to undertake this matter.

"The priest one evening prepared to satisfy me, and desired me to look our for a companion or two. I invited one Vicenzio Romoli, who was my intimate acquaintance. He brought with him a native of Pistoia, who cultivated the black art himself. We repaired to the Colosseo, and the priest, according to the custom of necromancers, began to draw circles upon the ground with the most impressive ceremonies imaginable: he likewise brought thither assafœtida, several precious perfumes, and fire, with some compositions which diffused noisome odors. As soon as he was in readiness, he made an opening in the circle, and having taken us by the hand, one by one, he placed us within it. Then having arranged the other parts and assumed his wand, he ordered the other necromancer, his partner, to throw the perfumes into the fire at the proper time, entrusting the care of the fire and the perfumes to the rest, and began his incantations. The ceremony lasted above an hour and a half, when there appeared several legions of devils, insomuch that the amphitheatre was quite filled with them.

"I was busy about the perfumes, when the priest, perceiving there was a considerable number of infernal spirits, turned to me, and said, 'Benevenuto, ask them something.' I answered, 'Let them bring me into the company of my Sicilian mistress, Angelica.' That night we obtained no answer of any sort; but I had received great satisfaction in having my curiosity so far indulged. The necromancer told me it was requisite we should go a second time, assuring me, that I should be satisfied in whatever I asked, but that I must bring with me a pure and immaculate boy.

"I took with me a youth who was in my service, of about twelve years of age, together with the same Vicenzio Romoli, who had been my companion the first time, and one Agnolino Gaddi, an intimate acquaintance, whom I likewise prevailed on to assist at the ceremony. When we came to the place appointed, the priest, having made his preparations as before, with the same and even more striking ceremonies, placed us within the circle, which he had likewise drawn with a more wonderful art, and in a more solemn manner than at our former meeting. Thus having committed the care of the perfumes and the fire to my friend Vicenzio, who was assisted by Agnolino Gaddi, he put into my hand a pintaculo, or magical chart, and bid me turn it toward the places that he should direct me; and under the pintaculo I held my boy. The necromancer having begun to make his tremendous incantations, called by their names a multitude of demons, who were the leaders of the several legions, and invoked them by the virtue and power of the eternal uncreated God, who lives forever, in the Hebrew language, as likewise in Latin and Greek; insomuch that the amphitheatre was almost in an instant filled with demons a hundred times more numerous than at the former conjuration. Vicenzio Romoli was busied in making a fire with the assistance of Agnolino, and burning a quantity of precious perfumes. I, by the direction of the necromancer, again desired to be in the company of my Angelica. The former thereupon turning to me, said, 'Know, that they have declared that in the space of a mouth you shall be in her company.'

"He then requested me to stand resolutely by him, because the legions were now above a thousand more in number than he had designed, and beside, these were the most dangerous, so that after they answered my question it behoved him to be civil to them, and dismiss them quietly. At the same time, the boy under the pintaculo was in a terrible fright, saying, that there were in that place a million of fierce men, who threatened to destroy us; and that moreover, four armed giants of an enormous stature were endeavoring to break into our circle. During this time, whilst the necromancer, trembling with fear, endeavored by mild and gentle methods to dismiss them in the best way he could, Vicenzio Romoli, who quivered like an aspen leaf, took care of the perfumes. Though I was as much terrified as any of them, I did my utmost to conceal the terror I felt, so that I greatly contributed to inspire the rest with resolution; but the truth is, I gave myself over for a dead man, seeing the horrid fright the necromancer was in. The boy placed his head between his knees, and said, 'In this posture will I die; for we shall all surely perish.' I told him that all those demons were under us, and what he saw was smoke and shadow; so bid him hold up his head and take courage. No sooner did he look up, but he cried out, 'The whole amphitheatre is burning, and the fire is just falling upon us'; so covering his eyes with his hands, he again exclaimed, that destruction was inevitable, and he desired to see no more. The necromancer intreated me to have a good heart, and take care to burn proper perfumes; upon which I turned to Romoli, and bid him burn all the most precious perfumes he had. At the same time I cast my eye upon Agnolino Gaddi, who was terrified to such a degree, that he could scarce distinguish objects, and seemed to be half dead. Seeing him in this condition, I said, 'Agnolo, upon these occasions a man should not yield to fear, but should stir about and give his assistance; so come directly, and put on some more of these perfumes.' Poor Agnolo, upon attempting to move, was so violently terrified, that the effects of his fear overpowered all the perfumes we were burning. The boy hearing a crepitation, ventured once more to raise his head, when, seeing me laugh, he began to take courage, and said that the devils were flying away with a vengeance.

"In this condition we stayed till the bell rang for morning prayer. The boy again told us that there remained but few devils, and these were at a great distance. When the magician had performed the rest of his ceremonies, he stripped off his gown, and took up a wallet full of books which he had brought with him. We all went out of the circle together, keeping as close to each other as we possibly could, especially the boy, who had placed himself in the middle, holding the necromancer by the coat and me by the cloak. As we were going to our houses, in the quarter of Banchi, the boy told us that two of the demons whom we had seen at the amphitheatre went on before us, leaping and skipping, sometimes running upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the ground.

"The priest declared, that though he had often entered magic circles, nothing so extraordinary had ever happened to him. As we went along, he would fain have persuaded me to assist with him at consecrating a book, from which he said we should derive immense riches. We should then ask the demons to discover to us the various treasures with which the earth abounds, which would raise us to opulence and power; but that those love affairs were mere follies, from whence no good could be expected. I answered, 'That I would have readily accepted his proposal, if I had understood Latin.' He redoubled his persuasions, assuring me that the knowledge of the Latin language was by no means material. He added, that he could have found Latin scholars enough, if he had thought it worth while to look out for them, but that he could never have met with a partner of resolution and intrepidity equal to mine, and that I should by all means follow his advice. Whilst we were engaged in this conversation, we arrived at our respective homes, and all that night dreamt of nothing but devils.

"As I every day saw the priest, he did not fail to renew his solicitations to engage me to come into his proposal. I asked him what time it would take to carry his plan into execution, and where this scene was to be acted. He answered, 'that in less than a month we might complete it, and that the place best calculated for our purpose was the mountains of Norcia: though a master of his had performed the ceremony of consecration hard by the Abbey of Farfa, but that he had met with some difficulties which would not occur in those of Norcia.' He added, 'that the neighboring peasants were men who might be confided in, and had some knowledge of necromancy, insomuch, that they were likely to give us great assistance upon occasion.' Such an effect had the persuasions of this holy conjurer, that I readily agreed to all he desired, but I told him that I should be glad to finish the medals I was making for the Pope first: this secret I communicated to him, but to nobody else, and begged he would not divulge it. I constantly asked him whether he thought I should, at the time mentioned by the devil, have an interview with my mistress Angelica; and finding it approach, I was surprised to hear no tidings of her. The priest always assured me that I should without fail enjoy her company, as the demons never break their promise, when they make it in the solemn manner they had done to me. He bid me, therefore, wait patiently, and avoid giving room to any scandal upon that occasion, but make an effort to bear something against my nature, as he was aware of the great danger I was to encounter: adding, that it would be happy for me if I would go with him to consecrate the book, as it would be the way to obviate the danger, and could not fail to make both him and me happy."

After this, being on his travels, he states the following sequel to this strange story:

"As we were thus engaged in chat, the innkeeper came riding up to us again full speed, and as soon as he joined us, said, 'Two or three days ago, there came a lady and her daughter to lodge next door to me, of the very name you mention, but whether they are Sicilians or not I cannot justly say.' I replied, 'The name of Angelica has such charms for me, that I am resolved by all means to take up my quarters at your inn.' Thus we rode into Naples in company with the innkeeper, and dismounted at his house. I thought it an age, till I had put everything belonging to me into proper order; and then went to the house adjoining to the inn, where I found my dear Angelica, who received me with the greatest demonstrations of affection and kindness. I continued with her from eight o'clock that evening until the following morning. Whilst I enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of her company, I recollected that this very day the month was expired, which had been fixed in the necromancer's circle by the demons: so let every one, who has recourse to such oracles, seriously reflect upon the dangers which I had to encounter."

J. W. MACKIE.

"GOD REVEALED TO THE INTELLECT."

NUMBER FOUR.

"The antagonism of the two conceptions—the old notion of God and the new entity of Nature—was reconciled for the moment by the intervention of the positive instinct, which offered the hypothesis of a God creating invariable laws, which He bound Himself never to alter, and confided to Nature for special and continuous application;—a fiction which is in close analogy with that of politicians about constitutional royalty.—*Comte's "Positive Philosophy."*

Whether we listen to Paley, in his description of the eye of man to illustrate the design and Designer—to Socrates, with the statues of Polycletus and the pictures of Zeuxis—to the interrogator of Job, in the thirty-eighth chapter of that book of the Bible—or to A. J. Davis, as he, in his vanity, playfully skips from one branch of science to another, to prove a mathematical Constructor—we learn but one lesson:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The contemplation of the vast illimitable field of unknown principles was too much for Job; and in abject humiliation he bowed before his interrogator and said, "Therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not . . . . wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Whether that be the course Mr. Davis would have the Atheist adopt, as he propounds his knotty question, I know not or whether he will permit us to acknowledge that we cannot "by searching find out God," may be doubted. For even acknowledged ignorance, on the part of the Atheist, is more than he will accept; nay, it is a grievous fault, one he will not forgive. Hear him!

"They," the Atheists, "assume a feigned humility, meeker than the most pious believers. Creation becomes a mere point, and life like the flutter of a leaf in the sunbeam. They claim affinity with the blind worm aad droning beetle, and can do nothing but shiver with awe at the immensity above and beyond them. They ape all the ignorance of the child, without any of its trusting confidence, its ardent, innocent love, or its eager, soaring hope."

Because we cannot affect a knowledge we do not possess—excel in bombast and pious pretensions—believe in a first link in an endless chain—or accept of ideas beyond the power of our conceptions—we must therefore be the subjects of his sneering philippics. But hypocrisy and ignorance are not the only crimes of the Atheist; he is also guilty of (petty ?) larceny in robbing humanity of its God. Like one of the Scripture heroes, who complainingly said:

"Ye have taken away my Gods which I made, and the priest, and ye are gone away: and what have I more? And what is this that ye say unto me, What aileth thee?

Listen again:

"I would be loth to judge any man's heart; but it does seem to me that the head which can credit a hypothesis so monstrously absurd must have exchanged brains with a baboon. It may be argued that I express myself too strongly. I can only say, in reply, that I do not utter the half of what I feel. Nor can I be made very easily to believe that any decorous terms are too severe, in denunciation of the moral felons of the universe, who would rob humanity of its dearest hopes."

Denunciations and diatribes like the above are undoubtedly very logical, and manifest a profound knowledge of mathematical science! Even Shelley must share in the sweeping tornado of deific wrath, as it is in A. J. Davis. The honest indignation of Shelley at a revolting hypothesis is quoted at large, which terminates thus:

"Urge not that a Deity dug, in void space, this universal sepulcher, haunted alone by the ghost of mourners, by the incalculable millions. Say that it is the work of some dreadful demon, and I may entertain the proposition!"

But Mr. Davis, in the "Great Harmonia," Vol. IV, p. 11, uses similar language:

"With these attributes in what we term 'God'—the power to know all things, the power to bless all things, the power to *do* all things—we can find no excuse for the permission of evil. He was not ignorant, requiring experience; was not weak, requiring exercise; was not impoverished in goodness, requiring enrichments of essence. Nay: the Christian's God is surcharged with the purest, the best, the wisest attributes. Consequently, we can find no excuse for the existence of evil. He had the wisdom to *know* better, the goodness to *feel* better, and the power to *do* better."

With such sentiments in his own writings, it is strange he should in such a godly manner pour out invectives on the head of the unfortunate but noble Shelley, such as:

"Such blasphemies are horrible to hear. . . . I can bear with the poor pagan, who honestly bows the knee to his idol, painted with blood though it be. I can sympathize with the Polytheist, who beholds a separate God in every object of beauty and wonder. I recognize a brother man struggling through the deep gloom of superstition, striving to reach the light. But I recoil instinctively from an unprincipled Atheist. I realize the fearful presence of some dark spirit of a different order."

Does Mr. Davis recoil from his lack of principle, or his Atheism? Would he not also recoil from an unprincipled "Harmonial Philosopher"? But this indirect imputation of lack of principle on the part of Shelley as an Atheist shows bad taste. Surely, while writing thus, Mr. Davis was obsessed by a spirit of foul intent, for it is unworthy of him as a man, and that man a reformer. Mr. Shelley's life was a continued self-sacrifice for the sake of principle;

"He was a man, take him all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

Could the following lines be penned by an *unprincipled* Atheist? They are by Shelley, in "Queen Mab":

"O happy earth, reality of heaven!
To which those restless souls, that ceaselessly
Throng through the human universe, aspire;
Thou consummation of all mortal hope!
Thou glorious prize of blindly working will!
Whose rays, diffused throughout all space and time,
Verge to one point and blend forever there:
Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place!
Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,
Languor, disease, and ignorance, dare not come:
O happy earth, reality of heaven!"

Thus, in spite of his Atheism, and his lack of principle, he was full of fervent faith and hope in the future of humanity; his aspirations were of the highest order, and withal he was a Spiritualist of no mean grade.

Perhaps the reader will excuse this already lengthy article, if I further tax his patience by subjoining an extract from the *New York Watchman:*

"We freely concede that, toward *man*, Shelley manifested noble qualities. But for the dark and defiant attitude which he assumed to all that the pious heart venerates and adores, his memory would be cherished even by those insensible to the merits of his poetry. In his relations toward man he was generous, forgiving, kind-hearted, and noble in all respects. He hated injustice, sympathized deeply with the wrongs and woes of humanity, and was ready to become a martyr to what *he* considered the interests of truth and humanity. There was nothing gross or sensual in his nature. He was abstemious in diet and temperate in all his appetites. The memory of all this, together with the sorrows that Shelley bore in estrangement from home and friends, and the consciousness that he was regarded as an alien and an outcast, would tend to excite the deepest pity and sympathy. But when we think of him and his attacks upon our holy religion, our pity is lost in indignation."

ÆSOP, JR.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORD.

NUMBER TWO.

In continuing our examination of the Christian record, we will turn to Exodus xxiii. verses 20 to 23, inclusive; where it is said the angel was sent before the children of Israel for forty years to keep them in the way.

Now, passing by the innumerable instances where the Lord spake unto Moses, we turn to Numbers xxii. verse 22, and following, where we are told that the angel appeared to Balaam's old jackass, and scared him; and afterward to Balaam himself, and talked with him. Here, I insist, the Christian must be constrained to admit, is an example where a spiritual visitant showed himself to one outside of the pale of the orthodox Church, which was, to be sure, a very irregular and heretical way of doing; and it is a pity the angel can't be arraigned by the orthodox Church, and censured for the irregularity. And what shall we say to the repeated irregularity of the angel, in continuing to put parables into the mouth of this outside barbarian and idolator, Balaam? What a pity it is that the spirits will not undeviatingly follow in the track which orthodoxy would wish to prescribe!

Turn to Judges, chapter xiii. verse 3, and following, where the angel appeared to Manoah and his wife, and conversed with them. Turn further to 1st Samuel, chapter xxiii. verse 11, and following, and read how a spirit appeared at the bidding of a medium, who didn't belong to Saul's church, and talked to Saul; and we shall be prepared to skip over all the Lord's talking to Job, and come to a more definite description of spirits in the book of Daniel. In passing, we will merely glance at the 25th verse of the third chapter, to note that there was a difference in appearance, to the vision, of a spirit and a common man; and then turn to chapter ix. verse 21, and following, and chapter x. verse 5, and following. In this chapter, Daniel, after describing the appearance of the spirit, whom he designates as a man, proceeds to say that those who were with him were frightened and fled, so that he alone saw the vision. The spirit then proceeds to tell Daniel how that another spirit, whom he designates as the prince of the power of Persia, withstood him one-and-twenty days, and that Michael, one of the chief princes came to his aid against the prince of the kingdom of Persia, so that he was enabled to come to Daniel.

Here is a question for the orthodox, who deny the facts or truthfulness of modern spirit teaching, to solve, viz: In precisely what place were this Gabriel and Michael, and prince of Persia, that an opposition could be manifested from the one toward the other? Were they in an orthodox heaven, where Jehovah reigned supreme? if so, how could the opposition have effect? Or were they in an orthodox hell? if so, what were Gabriel and Michael doing there? Come, Messrs. Orthodox Christians! we want an answer.

I again insist that here spiritual presence is recognized in three senses, viz. hearing, sight, and touch. By what rule does orthodoxy deny that the spirits of to-day are visible, and audible, and tangible, while admitting this record?

I come now to the book of Zechariah. Whoever will take the trouble to look into this book, will at once perceive that it is full of Spiritualism; in the very opening chapter, the word of the Lord, that is, the spirit influence, was upon him, so that, as a medium, he was constrained to speak. Then he sees and converses with spirits precisely as the more developed mediums do now-a-days. Also, let it be noted that Zechariah makes distinct mention of horses in the spirit world; and we shall find a confirmation of the same when we come to Revelations.

We will close our review of the Old Testament by turning back to Amos, chapter vii. verse 10, and following. In verses 14 and 15, he distinctly says that he was no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but that the Lord constrained him to prophecy. That is, as modern Spiritualists would express it, he was a good medium, and the spirit influence was so strongly on him that he was forced to bend his will to the will of the spirits, and give his time and attention to spirit communication, just as it happens with mediums now-a-days.

Up to this point, we find no trace of any devil: we find an adversary, or Saten, and false gods, as opposed to Jehovah, and other true gods; that is, we find spirits who taught a different doctrine from that taught by the spirit who called himself Jehovah, and by his associate spirits, who peculiarly watched over the welfare of the Hebrew people; but the Devil was not yet invented. That was left to the ingenuity of a later day.

CHRONOS.

Letter from Massachusetts.

BOSTON, MASS., June 19th, 1868.

DEAR BANNER:—This city has given me an opportunity to see more of the phenomena of Spiritualism. I will speak of the most important things in this connection first. The Children's Lyceum here is a splendid institution. New York has a fine Lyceum, under the charge of Mr. Farnsworth. Philadelphia has the *great* Lyceum, for practical working, and the variety of its instruction through the week, as well as on First Day; Dr. Dyott and his estimable wife, and their son, are all earnest, constant workers for the good of the scholars and teachers. But the Boston Lyceum has excellent teachers also, and a large school of bright, earnest scholars; and it has regalia and banners that make a very attractive appearance. Not only do the scholars and teachers seem interested, but the people turn out and generally contribute to sustain the educational system of Andrew Jackson and Mary Davis. I have met the *Banner of Light* people, and was pleased with them. Our cause is moving rapidly onward through their efforts. Their free circles are attended by large numbers, and Mrs. Conant is a very excellent medium. The readers of the *Banner of Light* have a faithful record of what takes place at these circles. I have seen Dr. Gardner, the "wheel-horse" and "leader"; Mr. Wetherbee, one of the liveliest live men; and a host of other friends and mediums.

For the first time, I have had an opportunity of attending dark circles, at which musical instruments flew through the air, around the room, discoursing exquisite music. I have heard the guitar played, accompanied by bell, tamborine, harmonicon, bass drum, kettle drum, and violin; and several of these instruments touched the heads of the circle gently as they discoursed their harmony. I have heard voices through the horn and harmonicon. I have seen a coat taken off in an instant, when the hands were tied, or the person held by myself and others; iron rings passed over their arms, and others' coats put on the medium, whilst tied; pockets rifled; handkerchiefs knotted; and the guitar, tamborine, bells, and table all piled one upon the other, and upon the medium, whilst standing and being held up by myself. The table was so heavy that I could scarcely lift it down from his head to the floor. These things were done at the séances of Mr. Fay, Mr. Reed, and Annie Lord Chamberlain. This lady, though very weak and out of health, gave a séance expressly for me, and the manifestations were most excellent. "Belle Wideawake" talked through the horn, and made much fun. "Mayflower" plays upon the harmonicon beautifully, and tells her stories, or asks and answers questions with it. Annie Lord Chamberlain is at the house of Col. Cushing, where I also met Mr. Starr, the spirit artist; his paintings are not only artistic, but quite elaborate. Mrs. Cushing is an estimable lady, and is rewarded for her kindness to these mediums by many marked favors of spirit power. A day or two before I was there, "Belle Wideawake" told them to open their bedroom window at 11 o'clock at night, when in came a most beautiful wreath of flowers of the choicest kind; it was

taken up by the spirits, and placed upon the head of Annie, as she sat up in her bed to see what was coming.

I attended a séance of a blind medium, J. L. Richardson. I have met the publishers of *The Radical*, Mr. Seaver of the *Investigator*, and Mr. Conner, a live Radical in the Universalist ranks; the latter is investigating spirit intercourse for the purpose of arranging its facts in a scientific manner. I heard Mrs. Caroline Dall speak before the Parker Fraternity. She is able as a writer and thinker. At the Parker Fraternity Rooms, the niches back of the speaker are filled with busts of Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, and John Brown on the one side; and, on the other, of Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner. The spirit of Free Religion is abroad and alive; the waters are troubled; let those who desire step in and be purified.

I attended one of Dr. Gardner's Pic-nics yesterday, at Abington Grove. Everything moves in order at these gatherings; the front of the grounds were filled with the carriages of the country folk, who come to partake of the bread of life. Noiselessly the gathering hosts are moving onward in the light of truth, which is ushering in the day of man's freedom and growth, and which shall dispel the darkness of the old creeds and superstitions. We are only the pioneers; there are yet to come the builders; but let us do our work well, whatever it may be. Yours, with best wishes,

J. H. ATKINSON.

Antecedents of Mrs. Lyon.

From inquiries made in the locality where the most important events of her life took place, and from those by whom she is still kindly remembered, we learn that the misguided lady was undoubtedly the illegitimate daughter of Mr. Gibson, who carried on business as a cheesemonger and butcher, on the Sandhill, Newcastle, and also that some years of her early life were passed in misery and hardship of the most lamentable character. Reared amid the destitution which forty years ago abounded in the neighborhood of the quay, it could scarcely be imagined that any escape was possible from the contaminating influences by which she was surrounded; but while pursuing her usual daily avocations as a vendor of sand and clay in the streets, she was unexpectedly brought under the cognizance of some friendly eye, and her deliverance speedily followed in a remarkable manner. The father, who had lost sight of his child for some years, was at once apprised of her unfortunate position, and, being then in good circumstances, he resolved to atone for his previous neglect by devoting his life to her comfort and advancement. After cleaning and clothing the girl in a becoming manner at his own house, he sent her to a boarding-school for some years, and then, purchasing a house at Bishop Auckland, on the site where now stands the National and Provincial Bank, he retired there on a comfortable independency. His daughter, now an accomplished young lady, of course took up her residence with him; and by her kind, frank, open-handed bearing, at once won her way to the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. At this time there stood on the finely-wooded banks of Wear, not a mile distant from the young girl's house, a magnificent building known as Binchester Hall, which report says was eventually razed by Bishop Van Mildert, in consequence of its architectural superiorities to his own palatial residence in Auckland Park. This place was then occupied by Mr. Charles Lyon, owner of the most of the large tracts of surrounding property, and the frequent accidental meetings, between the "squire" and the girl whose good fortune we have described, resulted in being led to the altar. For some years afterward Mr. Lyon and his wife continued to reside very happily at Binchester, their only differences being with reference to the "squire's" great anxiety to procure lead from his lands. The sanguine hopes of Mr. Lyon induced him to believe that lead ore in abundance could be brought from a short distance below the surface, and several shafts were sunk with that object on the level land now known as the Flats Farm, and subsequently near Newton Cap Hill; but the tremendous quantity of water invariably met with at a depth of forty feet, compelled him to abandon the undertaking. Notwithstanding these failures, however, and the expostulations of his wife, he commenced sinkings at Roddypoor, Woodfield, and Bovefold, near Crook; and the operations at the latter place being under the superintendence of a contractor from Wylam, it was expected some compensation would now be obtained for previous losses. Still his hopes were doomed to disappointment; for after the sinker had induced him to persevere by vague hints of one or two pieces of ore having been turned up, he was at length compelled to give up the work through finding himself in crippled circumstances. So bad, indeed, were his affairs, that a quarrel with his family ensued, and the estate eventually finding its way into Chancery, the couple had to live on a yearly income of between £600 and £700 allowed to Mrs. Lyon by her father. One misfortune followed another so rapidly that the handsome hall was pulled down within a very short while; and Lyon, who had but a few years ago boasted a princely house and income, found himself devoid of both money and friends. During the long period of his misfortune, Mrs. Lyon is said to have done her duty nobly, and by this means gained even greater admiration from her acquaintances than she had ever possessed. After long years of Chancery proceedings, her husband's affairs became at last comprehensible; and on the large rents from his royalties, which were of increased value after the successful working of coal in the Crook district, their income was immensely increased. How this was ultimately appropriated the reader already knows.—*Glasgow Penny Post.*

The Woman Question.

From an article on the above subject from the pen of Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw, published in *The Advance*, we copy the following:

"I confess I am wearied, and grieved, and indignant at this incessant holding up of our brothers, and husbands, and fathers, as a set of relentless women-persecutors and oppressors, which is the general tone of the suffrage sisterhood concerning them. No women are treated with such respect, and such tenderness, as American women. They have as many rights already as they know what to do with, and more privileges. It needs but a little reading, a little observation, to show that the world may be challenged for brothers as devoted, husbands as indulgent, and fathers as generous and affectionate, as is the rule among American men. They exact little, and give much. They turn themselves into slaves that we may be arrayed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. Like the eider duck, they pluck the down from their own breasts, that our nests may be soft and warm. And if we are not satisfied with what they have already done, they are ready to do more."

Sarah, no doubt, speaks the sentiments of a large and very respectable portion of the female sex—pampered pets of fortune, daughters of wealthy and indulgent fathers, wives of manly husbands, etc.,—who have all the "rights" that their hearts crave. Blest indeed is the lot of such women. If all were thus happily situated, we should feel disposed to let well enough alone. But Sarah presents but one side of the picture. There is an obverse side which has less of the *coleur du rose*. There are a great many men who belong more to the hedge-hog order of existence than to that of the eider duck—who, instead of plucking the feathers from their breasts to make soft nests for their mates, prefer rather to "feather their own nests" at the expense of the mates aforesaid, and all the rest of mankind. Such men employ fatherless and brotherless women to make shirts for twelve and one-half cents each. Has Sarah ever considered the condition of the thousands of poor women in our great cities, whose lives are one desperate struggle for bread? Has she ever thought of those other thousands who, to keep the gaunt wolf from their doors, have sold themselves to life-long shame? Does she ever think of that multitude of women who are yoked for life to brutal, drunken, tyrannical husbands? It is the woman that has no protection of devoted brothers, indulgent husband, or affectionate father, that needs the right to protect herself. Sarah has all the protection she needs; but how is it with her less fortunate sister? Society, in the aggregate, is sadly at loose ends. The pharisaical sentimentalism of the high-toned religious press will never set things right. We need self-sacrificing apostles of reform to go into the world's by-ways, and, with hearts overflowing with human love, labor first for the physical disenthrallment of woman, and second for her soul's enlightenment. Ennoble woman, and man's redemption will follow as a natural sequence. The ballot may not at once correct all existing evils; but it would be a step in the direction of radical reform of many social wrongs, by giving to woman that consequence, as man's equal before the law, to which she is justly entitled.—*San Jose Mercury.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Suffrage for women was the subject of a large meeting recently held in London, at which it was stated that, since the death of Mr. Ingham, the sole care and management of the *Illustrated London News* had fallen on Mrs. Ingham. That journal has an enormous circulation, and its conduct requires the exercise of the greatest care and talent. Yet the lady on whom the arduous task devolves is deprived of any share in the government of the country. A petition to Parliament was agreed to, which sets forth that women are competent, by law and in fact, to carry on a business, to administer an estate, and to fill other positions, which, both by investing them with interests requiring representation and by affording tests of fitness, are usually considered to give a claim to the suffrage. The temper of this meeting seems to have been excellent.

The Banner of Progress.

SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1868.

OFFICE, 514 SACRAMENTO ST., up stairs.

BENJAMIN TODD & CO.,
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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FREE RELIGION.

The *Occident*, of this city, does not seem to be very favorable to a religion which may be enjoyed "without money and without price." It is rather in favor of "all interests that need to be sustained," and thinks that "these interests will be more safe because" men of a certain class "have a time and place once a year, for giving vent to their feelings, and proclaiming their 'philosophies.'" In other words, it does not have a high opinion of the benefits to accrue from "Free Religious Associations," like the one in Boston. Its sympathies are all on the side of a paid priesthood, a ceremonious ritual, costly church edifices, and taxation of the laity for the benefit of the clergy. Any system of religion that is free to all, and without onerous taxation for the support of its teachers, is objectionable in the eyes of the lovers of sinecures. The Rev. clergy have had control so long, and have been paid so well for their sway over the religious education of the people, that this new doctrine of a "Free Religion," which threatens to render nugatory all their efforts to continue the organizations upon which they depend for support, seems to them like a revolution, and a subversion of all religion. It is true, indeed, that the ignoring of orthodox dogmas has a tendency to set the minds of the people free from clerical dictation, and to indispose them to contribute their means for the support of heavily salaried preachers. But that a free religion, in the Nazarene sense, is better than the present system for the purpose of developing the religious sentiment in man, cannot be successfully contradicted. The general movement of all progressive minds in the same direction, toward "Free Religious" associations, at the present time, is proof enough that there is a want of this kind to be supplied. In all civilized nations, this movement is spontaneous. The Boston and New York Associations are now supplemented by one of the same character in London. The London *Daily News* reports a numerous and influential meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern, to promote "common action amongst those who rely for the religious improvement of human life on filial piety and brotherly charity, with or without more particular agreement in matters of doctrinal theology." The meeting resulted in the formation of the "Free Christian Union." To minds like those of the editors of *The Occident*, who see nothing but the "interests that need to be sustained," namely, the pecuniary interests of the clergy, as of the first importance, these "Free Church" organizations seem incapable of any good. But the fruits of the new movement are yet to grow and ripen, before their good or bad qualities can be perceived or understood.

Because, in the late convocation of the Free Religious Association of Boston, it was found, according to *The Occident*, that "no two agreed in sentiment," it does not necessarily follow that the sentiments of all were not good, and capable of producing good in the minds of others. "Doctors disagree," even Doctors of Divinity; but to say that *no* good comes of their efforts in any direction, would be to promulgate more of the doctrine of total depravity than we are prepared to accept. The flippant manner in which *The Occident* speaks of the free utterances of men whose minds have been freed from dogmatism, and whose "philosophies" are all founded on a love for humanity, and a desire to benefit the race, does no honor to the religious associations of which it is the organ, nor to the heads or hearts of its editors. Such men as the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, can well afford to wait for results, and to bear the censure of the dogmatists, until in due time their efforts for the establishment of a rational and natural religion shall be successful, and show better fruits than any that have appeared as the reward of the labor of centuries on the part of the so-called Christian clergy.

THE lectures of Miss Fuller, as well as the Socials of the San Francisco Association and the sessions of the Progressive Lyceum, will hereafter be held in Mechanics' Institute Hall, Post street, near Kearny. This change has been made for the sake of obtaining greater accommodations for the large number who attend the lectures of Miss Fuller.

MRS. H. A. DUNHAM, clairvoyant, resides at No. 636 Filbert street, a few doors from Powell, opposite Washington square.

SUNDAY MILITARY PARADES.

Our neighbor of *The Occident*, not liking the manner in which the first day of the week is made use of by our volunteer military companies, suggests that many Christian (?) young men join them, so as to put a veto on these Sunday target excursions. We would also mildly intimate, as a supplement to the wish of *The Occident*, that, if those Christian men join these companies, they should at once institute an inquiry at their first drill meeting, whether the occupation of a soldier is consistent with the command, "Thou shalt not kill." Also, whether the Prince of Peace can consistently approve of his disciples' engaging in preparations for war. The tameness of the remonstrances of *The Occident*, against Sunday "desecration" by the military, is only equaled by the surprising acuteness of its suggestion of a remedy; and this becomes more apparent when it is known as a fact that, the members of those companies which are most in the habit of parading on Sundays belong to that Church which is the mother of churches, namely, the Roman Catholic. Another proposition of *The Occident* conflicts with the Christian profession of peace and good-will still more glaringly. It maintains that there is a necessity that these military organizations should exist, and that many of our young men should belong to them; and it advises that those who are inclined to join them "select such as are controlled by worthy principles." The principle that lies at the foundation of all military organizations is that of being prepared for war; and war is wholesale murder. Is killing of our fellow-men a worthy principle, by which Christian young men may be drawn into organized associations? *The Occident* is very squeamish about "Sabbath observance," and its "sense of propriety and religious convictions" are terribly "outraged by the music and tramp of soldiers on the Sabbath"; but it has no word of condemnation of the object for which military companies are organized, and recommends *Christian* young men to join companies that are "controlled by worthy principles." "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." (Matt. xxvi. 52.) How then can *Christian* men join a military company, whether it parades on Sunday or not? Verily, these Sabbatarians "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

Heroism not National.

The incidents of the recent disaster at Oakland prove that disinterestedness and self-sacrificing devotion belong to no peculiar people, but are common to individuals of all nations. The name of Carlo Gaginonini, a poor Italian workingman, who was drowned in attempting to save a woman from the same fate, after he had already saved four other persons, deserves remembrance in the hearts of men and women, with those of the noble and good of all nations and times. The memory of a thousand faults, in any individual, would be obliterated by such an act of unselfish heroism as he performed on that occasion. How pitiful and mean seem the apologies and apologists for the carelessness and indifference of the Oakland Ferry Company, when contrasted with the noble efforts of unknown heroes to rescue others from watery graves at the risk of their own lives! Do we need cowardice and inefficiency on one side, to enable us to appreciate and honor heroism and devotion on the other? Must these broad contrasts always subsist in every case of fearful accident to human life? Both the carelessness of the Company, and the lame attempts to excuse it, are sickening to every generous mind.

THE late Fourth of July procession in this city, after the military had passed, seemed like a great raree-show of dignified noodles in carriages, tradespeople in wagons in the midst of their wares, butchers among their unslaughtered cattle, milkmen in milk-carts with their empty cans, but pumping chalk and water into one of them, and an ignoble string of advertising dodges in the form of wagons of Cassin's Bitters, Squarza's Punches, Lager Beer, and Tea, and winding up with Chiarini's Royal Italian Circus! After all these, it had been proposed to the colored people that they should march, escorted by their solitary military company! They showed true self-respect and manly dignity in absenting themselves without a word of remonstrance. We think Fourth of July processions have become a farce, and that the outward ceremonies in celebrating the day should be confined to the military; while the literary exercises would be more dignified if disconnected from all street show, and freed from the exhibition of mutual admiration in public, which the present display of orator and poet, reader and clergyman, president and other officers, in carriages, encourages.

A CONTROVERSY is going on in the political papers as to who is to blame for the non-appearance of the colored people in the Fourth of July procession in this city. It seems that they were invited to take a position therein, at the tail thereof, in the place assigned to "citizens generally," which is generally occupied by nobody. Not being attracted to that position, the colored folks did not respond to the invitation with their presence. We are not aware of any reason having been given by the Committee of Arrangements for assigning them the last place in the procession, or that there *was* any reason for it. We presume, however, that the reason may have been, because the first blood shed in the war of independence was that of a colored man.

THE *gentlemanly* clerks of the San Francisco *Daily Times* refuse an occasional copy of that paper in exchange with the BANNER OF PROGRESS. We have heard complaints made of a want of urbanity on the part of the office employees of that pious political sheet, but we never realized the fact so much as we do now. Have the proprietors instructed them to exact the full price from the editors of all humble weekly papers? Or do the publishers encourage proscription of religious opinions by the understrappers at their office desks! Spiritualists, many of whom are Republicans, would like to have these questions answered by the *Times* people.

THE MONTHLY SOCIALS of the Spiritualist Association continue to be attractive and pleasurable to all who attend. The one on last Tuesday evening was especially so.

Healing and Obsession.

INSANITY AND MAGNETISM.—A very singular illustration of the power of magnetism in disease of the brain, occurred last night. A man named Joseph M. Settle, a miner, from Placerville, staying at the Occidental Hotel, suddenly became insane, and rushed down into the reading room of the hotel in a perfectly frantic state. It was found necessary to remove him, but so violent were his struggles that four policemen were scarcely able to convey him to the station-house. During his passage there he had been observed by Dr. J. M. Grant, a magnetizer, who at once offered his services in soothing and quieting the maniac. When the man arrived at the station-house, he was in a condition of the most violent excitement, and it was impossible for any one to approach him with impunity. Dr. Grant requested the officers, who were restraining his struggles, to release him, and then quietly placed his hands upon the sufferer. Settle at once sank into a chair, and the doctor began to magnetize him. In five minutes the raving, furious madman was as quiet as a child, and in the course of half an hour he was as calm, and almost as rational in his demeanor, as any of those who stood around him. Before the Doctor left him he was able to converse freely; and although he appeared to be totally oblivious of the frantic state he had been brought out of, he seemed to have recovered entirely from the maniacal affection which caused his detention. The man was not suffering in any way from the effects of drink, and the attack appeared to be caused by a general derangement of the system.—*S. F. Daily Times.*

We think that the above recited case was clearly one of obsession; and we have no doubt that four-fifths of the insane patients sent to the Asylums of the country are affected in the same way. If the old fogy doctors could be got out of the way for a season, the process of "laying on of hands" might be effectively used in the cure of so-called insanity in a great number of these cases. In the present instance, after Dr. Grant's operations were terminated, the Commissioners of Lunacy examined the subject of his manipulations, and pronounced him perfectly sane. Now, one of two things must certainly be admitted: either the "laying on of hands" by Dr. Grant restored the system of the patient from a "general derangement" to a state of health, or the man was obsessed by an evil-disposed spirit, and Dr. Grant's manipulations expelled or exorcised that spirit, and freed the man from his influence. In either case, it was the practice of "laying on of hands" that accomplished the result. Had it not been for this, the man would have been consigned to a cage and strait-jacket the next day, by the regular Faculty.

CIRCULATION OF RELIGIOUS PAPERS IN NEW ENGLAND.—The Boston *Pilot*, the Catholic organ of New England, has a circulation of some forty thousand copies; *Zion's Herald*, organ of the Methodists, thirteen thousand; The *Watchman and Reflector*, Baptist, twenty-two thousand; and the *Congregationalist*, (orthodox,) twenty-seven thousand. It may thus be seen what proportion of the population of the New England States is edified by the "stale, flat, and unprofitable" literature of religious *weaklies*. Massachusetts alone contains a population of nearly a million, one-fifth of whom, at least, are adults; making almost two hundred thousand readers in one of those States. The total number of religious papers in circulation, as given above, is one hundred and two thousand, in the six New England States; a little more than half the number of adult readers in Massachusetts alone. The circulation of four Boston daily papers fully equals that of the four religious weeklies named in all New England; namely, the *Journal*, *Traveler*, *Herald*, and *Transcript*. The *Post* and *Advertiser* add from eighteen to twenty thousand more; and there are several others beside, from which we have no returns. Thus it appears that the number of secular papers issued in one city of New England exceeds the aggregate of religious papers taken in six States.

THE San Francisco *Times* has a correspondent who devotes one entire letter to satirizing the Womanhood Suffrage movement—quoting with much gusto a miserable little lampoon published at the East, which tries to present the whole subject in as ridiculous a light as possible. There was a time when political papers satirized the movement for the abolition of slavery. The time will soon be past when those papers will have ceased to ridicule Womanhood Suffrage. *Times* change, and men change with them.

"FALLACIES."—Rev. O. C. Wheeler has recently been delivering a course of lectures in the Baptist church at San José on "the genuineness of the books of the New Testament," and also on the "fallacies of the Apocryphal Gospels." The course included a review of Renan's "Life of Jesus." When Mr. Wheeler can satisfy inquirers that there are more "fallacies" in the Apocryphal New Testament than are contained in the canonical books, he will accomplish a great work.

THE Oakland *News* says that Mrs. Beman, a clairvoyant of Brooklyn, took a position on the wharf at Oakland to look for bodies of the drowned, but that her "gift" did not amount to much, as no bodies were recovered through the means of it. When it is known that the medium spoken of, Mrs. Beman, has been for two weeks on her way to New York by ocean steamer, the truthfulness of the above statement of the *News* will be apparent.

"HIGHLAND RAMBLES," a poem of about one hundred and seventy pages, by William B. Wright, has been received from the publishers by Herman Snow, 410 Kearny street. The poem is divided into seven parts, all, however, having an intimate relation to each other, in which the hero's adventures and spiritual experiences are portrayed.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY has been lecturing in Placerville. She returned to this city in time to lecture as usual on Sunday evening at Maguire's Opera House. Mrs. Cuppy will continue to lecture every Sunday evening at the same place, until further notice. Seats free.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE seems to be a fixed fact at Topeka, Kansas. At a late election in that city, forty-four women voted for a member of the Board of Education in one ward, and one lady, Mrs. Jane Drake, ran as a candidate for school director, receiving one hundred and thirty votes.

THE friends of Mrs. G. Laws intend giving her a complimentary social, on her return to the city, on Thursday evening next, July 16th, at Central Hall, corner of Market and Second streets. Tickets, $1.00.

Brief and Pointed Paragraphs.

IT should be remembered that a bare assertion is not necessarily the naked truth.

A MAN with music in his sole—a chap with a pair of squeaking boots.

A MERCHANT knowing little of geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed: "Jeopardy! Jeopardy! Where's that?"

AT a public house in Devonshire, the landlord had painted up outside his door—"Good beer sold here, but don't take my word for it."

Two politicians of Syracuse bet on a recent election a loaf of bread which contained half a barrel of flour. It was kneaded by the loser, and given to a widow who also needed it.

SHORT dress skirts are daily growing in favor, and plain girls now stand some chance. As Punch aptly remarks, "What nature has denied the face she gives to the understanding."

THE eclipse of the sun, which is to take place on the 18th of August, will be total in India. Many preparations are being made by astronomers to view it from the peaks of the Himalayas.

ACCORDING to figures given by *The Methodist*, there have been six hundred thousand persons connected with the M. E. Church, on probation, during the last ten years, who have failed to come into full membership.

AN eminent divine boasted to Henry Ward Beecher that he had accumulated ten thousand sermons. Quoth the Brooklyn preacher, "Tell me where they are stored. If there should be a deluge, I would seek that spot at once as the *driest* of all places!"

PIETY.—The *Britannia*, an English newspaper, alluding to the church pew question, declares that, if pews were abolished, and the beggar allowed to sit or kneel near the solicitor's wife, no respectable person would ever go to church. What a delightful proof of piety!

REASON AND REVELATION.—An honest man will always obey his reason in preference to revelation: for it is, he will say, more certain that God is the author of human reason, that is, the faculty in man of distinguishing the true from the false, than that he is the author of any particular book.

JAMES SOLOMON, a full-blooded negro, intends to matriculate at the University of London, and has passed the preliminary examinations. He is the son of a native Wesleyan minister on the Gold Coast, and when he went to England had had no teaching but what he received in a native school.

AN English clergyman was brought before a magistrate for "keeping an illegal lottery," the same being one of the incidents of a Fair in aid of Church enlargement. He was unable to put in any better plea than that the offense was a common one, and was let off with a reprimand.

"FROM GRAVE TO GAY."—We are not to suppose that the oak wants stability because its light and changeable leaves dance to the music of the breeze, nor to conclude that a man wants stability and strength of mind because he may exhibit an occasional playfulness and levity.

A THEOLOGICAL student being urged by some young ladies to join in a quadrille, declined; and turning to a lady near by, asked, with rather an imposing air: "Do you think, Mrs. ——, that a man ought to dance who expects to fill the pulpit?" The lady replied: "I don't see why he should not, provided he had grace for both!"

FASHION AND NEURALGIA.—Ever since women left off wearing bonnets, and substituted for them a bit of pasteboard, covered with some thin stuff, on the top of the head, and fastened under the chin with ribbon or a strip of lace, that painful disease, neuralgia, has prevailed among them to an extent never known before.—*New York Sun.*

SILENCE!—Some people hold their peace because they will not say, and some because they cannot say, and some because they have nothing to say! Silence is a mystery ever. It hides thoughts, and equally it hides emptiness; as solemnity is the arch-father of hypocrisy—the mask behind which cant and insincerity practice their parts—so silence is used to hide weakness or folly.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A PHYSICIAN, passing a marble-worker's one morning, bawled out to him: "Good morning, Mr. W.; hard at work, I see. You finish your monuments as far as 'In Memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, resting a moment on his mallet, "unless somebody is sick and you are doctoring them—then I-keep right on."

CURIOUS INDICTMENT.—In Virginia, in 1661, a woman was indicted, tried, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for teaching a slave to read. The indictment reads as follows:

"And the said ——, not having the *fear of God before her eyes*, but moved and instigated thereto by the Devil, did teach a certain negro woman to read the Bible, to the great displeasure of Almighty God," etc.

THE editor of the Cynthiana (Ky.) *News*, in making an appeal to his subscribers who are in arrears to pay up, says: "We hope they will settle without delay. Not that we need the money—O, no! Our ink is given us, we steal our paper, and we win our printers' wages at 'seven-up.' So it costs us nothing to carry on business. Nevertheless, as a matter of accomodation, and to ease their consciences, we will take what they owe us, if they will send it immediately."

HOW TO GET ON IN BOSTON.—The Rev. George L. Chaney resides at the "Hub," and preaches regularly in a Hollis street church. In a recent address, he said: "I know of only two ways in which a young man or a young woman can make disinterested friends on coming into Boston. The first is by meeting with an accident, and the second is by stealing something. There are two places which this Christian city opens with the greatest cordiality—the one is the hospital; the other is the jail. This is the long and short of the story we have to tell."

WOMEN AS SURGEONS.—Mr. J. Kinney, one of the proprietors of the Virginia Planing Mill, met with quite a severe accident. He was placing a belt upon a pulley, when his hand was caught under the belt and his arm was drawn in. He was lifted to the ceiling, against which he braced his body and held on, with the belt slipping over his arm, until assistance reached him. One of the bones of his arm was broken and his shoulder dislocated. He was taken home, and, by the time the physician who had been sent for arrived, his wife had set his shoulder to rights, put in place the fractured bone, put on splints and bandages, and had him properly mended. Who, after this, shall laugh at the idea of women practicing medicine?—they will make nothing of coming out as surgeons!—*Virginia Enterprise.*

IN a village in Pennsylvania, there was a congregation of Presbyterians, and among them was a wealthy old Dutchman by the name of Hoover, who was one of the elders. The brethren concluded to build a fine church, to which brother Hoover contributed largely. After it was completed and occupied, they thought they must have a lightning rod, and a meeting was appointed to take the matter under advisement. Accordingly the meeting was held, brother Hoover with the rest. While they were all giving opinions, brother Hoover sat in silent meditation, his face in his hands. A last the minister said: "Brother Hoover, you seem to take no part in the discussion; what do you think?" "Vell, I tinks ve make von very fine housh for de Lord, vat takes heap monish—dis ish de Lord's housh. Now, I tinks, if de Lord vill doonder down his own housh, *let him doonder and pe tam!*"

AMONG THE SHAKERS.—Among the rules posted in the office of a hotel in a Shaker village in New Hampshire is the following:

"Married persons, tarrying with us over night, are respectfully notified that each sex occupy separate sleeping apartments while they remain."

Some time since, a new married couple, on a little bridal trip, visited the Shakers. The evening was spent in talk—bedtime came—and the couple were invited to sleep. They passed out of the office, up stairs, and there saw two sober-faced Shakers, a "brother" and "sister," each with a candle.

"Man to the left!" said the brother, and into a room he escorted the bridegroom.

"Woman to the right!" as quietly said the sister, and into a separate room the bride was ushered the newly made man and wife being separated without even a good-night kiss.

DR. CHAPIN'S SALARY is stated at $12,000, and his congregation recently made him a present of the house he lives in, valued at $38,000.

"Godliness is great *gain*."

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Physical and Spiritual Bodies.

Not to be too metaphysical, all cells, all monads are composed of matter and spirit; the outer and the radiating life from the inner. Though man is really a trinity in unity, we shall only consider at this time his dual nature. As a conscious individuality he has two bodies, and lives now in two worlds. The physical body is but a shell—the visible cocoon that holds imprisoned the immortal Psyche, that with folded wings of aspiration is waiting the rapturous flight to the elysian life of the better land.

Paul, highly mediumistic, wrote, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body"; not there *will* be one in the future resurrection state, but there *is* a "spiritual body." We are in possession of both now. Death, the kind angel, severs the copartnership. Hence he further says, "We that are in these tabernacles do groan, being burdened." The seers of the past and present speak of the body as a tabernacle, tent, temple, house, garment, clothing, or covering of the thinking, conscious man.

The testimony of persons with amputated limbs affords a perfect confirmation of the above theory. Conversing a while since with a highly intelligent gentleman, minus an arm, he said: "Losing this arm, I began to study myself, my sensations and structural organization. Feeling a lively sensation in the limb after the amputation, the question arose, Whence this sensation? The fleshy arm is gone. Why do I feel it? Why feel my hand and fingers? Can it be only imaginary? That is not possible! I an just as conscious, just as certain that I feel it, as that I feel the other. But what do I feel? It surely cannot be the coarse, *material* hand, for that, cut off, has returned to its primitive dust. Is it a vague sensation lingering in the memory, destined to gradually pass away? Twenty-four years of experience leaves the *consciousness, the realization of it with* me as fresh and lively as ever. It is, then, certainly something—a *portion* of myself."

Soldiers, deprived of their limbs on battle-fields, have related to us similar experiences. The conviction seems to have no exceptions. And how beautifully the Spiritual Philosophy explains these mental phenomena. It teaches that we have an organized spiritual body, corresponding in form to the physical structure, and filling or interfusing itself through the entire material organization. This spiritual body is composed of particled spirit substances, and therefore indestructible.

The spiritual derives its life from the infinite Fountain of all life—God; and the physical body has its life from or through the spiritual body which infills it, as do juices the forest trees in spring time. It is not the eye of the grosser material body that sees. *That eye* is only the instrument, the telescope, the medium, through which the spiritual eye of the inner spiritual man is brought into more tangible relations with the material things on earth. The physical arm is but the medium, or clothing of the spiritual. The surgeon only severs the physical. The spiritual arm, defying the steel, remains.

Everything physical has its counterpart in the spiritual. The mortal body is but the soul's instrument of use for a season. All sensations, all thought, reason, moral responsibility, pertain to soul—the *inner man*. When the twin brother of Life—*Death*—puts his frosty seal upon the forehead, fortune and all else are left behind, save our unmasked selves. Rank and honor avail nothing "over there." Even reputation clings to us no more. Stripped of staff and scrip, we enter the next state of existence the real men and women we *are*, bearing with us the plans, purposes, achievements, and deeds done, as records. These determine the commencement of our future destinies.

This is an unreal, that a real life; this is a shadowy, that is a substantial existence of activity and progression. Swedenborg tells us he frequently met "new-born spirits, that could not believe they had died." Their bodies, forms, limbs, were perfect in shape. Everything was real—familiar even, only more etherealized. And then their affections, their attractions, being earthly, they still lingered in and around their mortal homes. But upward all things tend. Spirit infills; progress underlies all existences, and higher, diviner destinies await all tribes and races.—*Banner of Light.*

Singular Case of Somnambulism.

One of the most remarkable cases of somnambulism occurred in Yorkville, C. W., the particulars of which are fully vouched for, and are as follows:

"A gentleman doing business on Yonge street, who is also something of a horse fancier, made what he thought an excellent investment in horseflesh. On going home in the evening with his new purchase, he entertained his family with details of the operation, and was in great glee regarding it. He retired to bed with his mind in a decidedly horsey condition, and it is therefore not singular that his slumbers should have been disturbed with the nightmare. In the middle of the night he got up in his sleep, went to the stable, took out his new horse, mounted him, and started off at a good round pace to the city.

"He continued his nocturnal equestrianism through the streets for a considerable time. His singular appearance and actions attracted the attention of a policeman, who, thinking some insane circus rider had broken loose, or that John Gilpin's spirit had returned to earth, took him into custody, and, with great fear and trembling, conducted him to one of the police stations. Shortly afterward, the gentleman was thoroughly aroused, and great was his astonishment at finding himself in such a singular predicament. During all his riding he had been in a somnambulistic state, and it required a great deal of argument on the part of the policeman to convince him that he had been engaged in such unseasonable and peculiar exercise. Of course he was liberated at once."

A PARADISE.—A writer in *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* thus sums up the happy lot of the Japanese:

"Take the Japanese as a whole, high and low, rich and poor, they are the best fed, best clad, best lodged, least overworked, and most genial and happy people on the face of the earth.

"Food is abundant and cheap—imaginary wants rare; and thus temptations to crime are less than with us, though the land is no Utopia.

"There is no such thing as squalor to be seen in Japan. In the house of the very poorest, a Fifth Avenue belle might sit upon the matted floor without soiling her dress. The streets are admirably sewered; all offal and garbage are removed for manure.

"There is no bigotry. The people are wonderfully open-minded. There is no hatred of Christianity as such; only it is feared as an engine to cause political change."

A NEW "TOPSY TURVY."—The San Jose *Mercury* has a gossiping correspondent in San Francisco, on whom the mantle of "Topsy Turvy" seems to have fallen. "Fanny Lightwood" may be a *man*, for aught we know; but her wit in the *Mercury* reads very much like "woman's wit," nevertheless.—*Banner of Progress.*

"Fanny" is a genuine, wideawake woman; and one, too, who is bound to make her mark in the world of letters.—*San Jose Mercury.*

EPITOME OF CALVINISM:

1. A man gets religion when he doesn't want it.
2. When he gets it, he does not know it.
3. If he knows it, he has not got it.
4. If he has it, he cannot lose it.
5. If he loses it, he never had it.

A TRAVELER through a country town in Maine, where there are no hotels, obtained lodgings with a farmer. The next morning, when he inquired for his bill, the farmer said: "Eighty-five cents for meals and lodging, and twenty-five cents for squirting tobacco juice over the floor."

AMIABILITY.—A face that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powder. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rouge cannot improve its cheeks, nor lily-white mend its complexion.

IT has been decided in Davenport, Iowa, that colored children have a right to attend the public schools.

FIFTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Spiritualists and Progressive Reformers of the World:

The undersigned, members of the Executive Committee of the National Convention, have decided to call the Fifth National Convention to meet in Corinthian Hall, in the city of Rochester, State of New York, on Tuesday, the 25th day of August, 1868, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and to continue in session until Friday, the 28th inst.

And we invite "each local organization of Spiritualists or Progressive Reformers to send two delegates, and an additional one for each fractional fifty members, and each State Organization to send as many delegates as the State is entitled to representatives in the Congress of the United States," to attend and participate in the business which may come before said Convention.

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President.

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Mrs. Upham examines patients clairvoyantly; cures by
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Warranted Pure Juice of the Grape.
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Opposite the foot of Montgomery.
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BY
THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY;
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POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD'S
Experience with the
POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

We can say nothing to add to the weight of the following unsolicited and unexpected letter from JAMES V. MANSFIELD, the distinguished test medium, whose personal communications and answers to sealed letters have given him so great a celebrity throughout all parts of the United States. As one of the pioneer mediums to California years ago, his name and reputation are as familiar to the Spiritualists of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast as they are to the Spiritualists of New York city and the Atlantic States.

May 18th, 1868.

PROF. PAYTON SPENCE:—For more than two years I have not only noticed your Positive and Negative Powders advertised, but have frequently been asked, by my numerous correspondents, what I know of their efficacy.

In most instances I have replied, that I knew nothing of them beyond that which was told me by those who had made use of the same.

As for myself, I had for years adopted the Homœopathic mode of doctoring, and found it usually sufficient for myself and family.

But for the last year, my son has been much afflicted with what is commonly called Chronic Catarrh, and the Homœopathic remedies which had hitherto relieved him had ceased to do him any good. He became nervous and despondent, and general debility was apparent. About this time one of your agents chanced to visit at my house, and seeing the condition of the young man, advised or recommended your Powders. A box was procured, and, before he had taken twenty Powders, he assured us he was better; and by the time he had taken the contents of one box, he said: "Father, I feel that I am nearly well." His appetite returned, he slept soundly, and is now about his daily avocations, as well, if not better, than he ever was.

Mrs. Mansfield was at the same time suffering from pain caused by falling, which had troubled her right side and back. At times was the pains so severe that she would be obliged to lie in bed for several days at a time. We applied all the remedies used by Homœopathists, besides rubbing the affected parts with liniments, but all to no purpose. Mrs. Mansfield then resorted to your Powders, and, within the space of three days, she was free from pain, and is now as well as she ever was.

At the same time, we had in our family a young gentleman from Boston, who had been for years afflicted with a Bronchial difficulty. So inflamed was his throat at times, that it was difficult for him to articulate. Day by day I watched his decline in health; and one day I thought I would speak to him about it. I did so. His reply was: "Mansfield, I think the game of life is about played with me." He was making preparations to go home, and, as we thought, (and no doubt as he thought too,) never to return again, when Mrs. Mansfield thought it best to recommend your Powders to him. Feeling confident that she had received benefit from them, she thought there was a bare possibility that our young friend might also receive some benefit therefrom. So we talked with the young man, and he consented to try them, although he laughed at the idea in his condition of health. He took a Positive Powder on going to bed, and coughed less than usual through the night. The next day he took them as directed, and a perceptible change was evident for the better. This was about four weeks ago. To-day he is apparently well, and about his business, although he continues still to take a Powder now and then. I consider the young man out of all danger, and as likely to live twenty years longer as any one I know of.

There are several others I could speak of, whose cases have come under my observation within the last two months, but I will close by calling your attention to only one of them. The case I now mention is that of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had for several years been troubled with a rush of blood to the head. At times it was so severe that it came near terminating in Paralysis. Not long ago he had one of these attacks, and I was called in to see him. I found him writhing on the bed, at times apparently unconscious. I was alarmed, and, at first, knew not what to do. But Mrs. Mansfield advised your Powders, and they being at hand, we gave them. Now, singular as it may appear, this man was sleeping quietly in less than fifteen minutes. We continued to give the Powders at intervals during the night, and the next morning the gentleman dressed himself, and went down town to his business. He said he felt symptoms of the old attack for several days, but as he continued to take the Powders from time to time, he tells us he is freer from those bad feelings than at any time during the last ten years.

As before said, I have other cases to relate to you; and when I have a leisure evening I will call at your office and relate them. Until then, I remain yours, very sincerely,

JAMES V. MANSFIELD,
No. 102 West 15th Street, New York.

The magic control of the Positive and Negative Powders over diseases of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE Neuralgia, Headache, Earache, Toothache, **Rheumatism,** Gout, Colic, **Pains** of all kinds; **Cholera,** Diarrhea, Bowel Complaint, **Dysentery,** Nausea and Vomiting, **Dyspepsia,** Indigestion, Flatulence, **Worms;** suppressed Menstruation, **Painful Menstruation, Falling of the Womb,** all Female Weaknesses and Derangements; Cramps, **Fits,** Hydrophobia, Lockjaw, **St. Vitus' Dance; Intermittent Fever,** Bilious Fever, Yellow Fever, the Fever of **Small Pox.** Measles, Scarletina, Erysipelas, Pneumonia, Pleurisy; all **Inflammations,** acute or chronic, such as Inflammation of the Lungs, **Kidneys,** Womb, **Bladder,** Stomach, **Prostate Gland; Catarrh,** Consumption, Bronchitis, **Coughs,** Colds; **Scrofula,** Nervousness, **Sleeplessness,** etc.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE Paralysis or Palsy; **Amaurosis** and Deafness from Paralysis of the nerves of the eye and of the ear, or of their nervous centers; Double Vision, Catalepsy; all **Low Fevers,** such as the **Typhoid** and the **Typhus;** extreme Nervous or Muscular **Prostration** or **Relaxation.**

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The Positive and Negative Powders do no violence to the system; they cause **no purging, no nausea, no vomiting, no narcotizing;** yet, in the language of S. W. Richmond, of Chenoa, Ill., "*They are a most wonderful medicine, so silent and yet so efficacious.*"

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The Banner of Progress.

SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1868.

LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

"Angels where'er we go attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their *charge* defend,
And evil turn aside."
—CHARLES WESLEY.

NOTICE.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM of San Francisco will assemble to-day, July the 12th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at Mechanics' Institute Hall, Post street, near Kearny. Friends of the Lyceum are cordially invited to be present.

From the Lyceum Banner.

AN APPEAL.

BY MALCOLM DUNCAN.

O Man in the Moon! from your palace of gold,
Will you answer some questions I'll ask to-day?
The heart that is human is callous and cold,
Though it beat in the breast of a cavalier bold,
Or that of a maiden gay,
Kind man in the moon!

O Man in the Moon! I have searched the world through,
For blessings that never have come to me,
For friends that are faithful—for friends that are true—
For friends who'd forgive me whatever I'd do,
Not always my folly see,
Good man in the moon!

O Man in the Moon! from your window on high,
By the light of the stars that around you shine,
As you gaze at the earth from your home in the sky,
Do you see in my future a glad bye and bye,"
A happiness ever mine—
Dear man in the moon?

O Man in the Moon! You are old, you are wise;
You can read deepest secrets and souls of all.
Will laurel wreaths always reward one who tries,
Or a wreath of "immortelles" be my only prize,
The petals ready to fall—
Old man in the moon?

O Man in the Moon! try and answer me soon;
I'm weary of watching and waiting so long;
The chimes of my heart have no rhythm or tune;
The winter is long—it will never be June—
Right never will conquer wrong—
O Man in the Moon!

The Lyceum at Taylorville.

Bro. A. F. Blood writes that the Lyceum at Taylorville, Plumas county, is fairly started, and numbers *forty-five* scholars! This in a little mountain town of less than a thousand people! Read his letter below, and see what perseverance and devotion will do.

TAYLORVILLE, June 28th, 1868.

DEAR BANNER:—Agreeable to promise, I write you of our progress with "The Children's Progressive Lyceum." We organized to-day, and went through with the order of exercises. The leaders and children all did remarkably well, considering that it was the first time, and none had ever seen a Lyceum in session before. The children are all pleased and interested with the exercises. We start with forty-five members, which is a large number for our small place. I think we will soon number between fifty and sixty. The Lyceum hold their first annual picnic in a grove near town, on the 4th of July, when we will both rusticate and celebrate in true mountain style, and expect to make the mountains ring with the glad and joyous shouts of the children. The M. E. Church are holding a camp-meeting in this valley. The Presiding Elder, McGrath, very kindly read a notice of our picnic, from the stand, after his discourse to-day.

We send greeting to the San Francisco and Sacramento Lyceums, and bid you "God speed" in the march of Progress.

Truly yours, A. F. BLOOD.

MILLET-THIEF.

A FAIRY STORY FOR CHILDREN.

There was once a very rich merchant, who had a fine house, and large and beautiful garden, in which was a piece of land sown with millet. As the merchant was one day walking in his garden—it was in the spring of the year, and the seed had sprung up fast and strong—he saw to his great vexation that, during the night, a part of the millet had been shorn away by some bold thief; and just that part of the garden in which every year he was in the habit of sowing millet, that in which he took the greatest delight. He determined to capture the thief, and then either punish him severely himself, or give him over to justice. For this purpose he called his three sons, Michael, George, and John, and said to them:

"This night a thief has been in our garden, and cut a part of the millet, which vexes me exceedingly. The offender must be caught and punished. You, my sons, must now keep watch during the night, one after another, and whoever catches the thief shall receive from me a handsome reward."

The eldest son Michael kept watch the first night. He took with him a brace of loaded pistols and a sharp saber, with plenty to eat and drink, wrapped himself up in a warm cloak, and seated himself under an elder, where he soon fell into a sound sleep. When he awoke in the bright morning, there was a still larger piece of the millet cut away than on the preceding night; and when the merchant came into the garden, and saw this, and found that his son, instead of keeping watch and catching the thief, had slept, he was yet more angry, and reprimanded and jeered him as a model of a watchman, from whom his very sword and pistols might have been stolen.

The next night George watched. Besides the weapons his brother had had with him, he took a strong cord and a stout cudgel. But the good watchman, George, likewise fell asleep, and the next morning found that the millet had been shorn off much more than on the preceding nights. The father now became quite furious, and said:

"If the third watchman sleeps, there will be an end of the millet, and we shall require no more watching."

The third night it was John's watch. He, notwithstanding all their persuasions, would not take any weapons with him, but secretly armed himself against sleep. He collected thorns and thistles, which, when he went into the garden to the place where he was to keep watch, he made into a heap; so that whenever he began to nod, he pricked his nose with the thorns, which woke him up again instantly.

At midnight he heard a tramping which came nearer and nearer, and at length reached the millet; he then heard a most diligent munching.

"Oho!" thought he; "I have caught thee now," and, taking a cord from his pocket, pushed the thorns gently aside and crept a little nearer to the thief; when—who would have thought it? the thief proved to be a most beautiful little colt!

John was highly delighted, and had no trouble in catching it; the little animal followed him quietly to the stable, which John securely fastened. And now he went to bed quite contented. Early in the morning, when his brothers rose and were going down into the garden, what was their astonishment at seeing their brother in bed and fast asleep! They awoke and jeered him as being such an excellent watchman, who could not stay out even for one night to watch. But John answered:

"Only be quiet, and I will show you the millet-thief."

And his brothers and father then followed him to the stable, where the wonderful colt stood, of which no one was able to say whence it came, or to whom it belonged. It was most beautiful of aspect, of slender and elegant form, and of snowy whiteness.

The merchant was overjoyed, and gave his vigilant son the colt as a reward. John received it with delight, and named it Millet-Thief.

Soon after this, the brothers heard that a princess was enchanted in a place that stood on the top of a glass mountain, which no one, on account of its being so slippery, could ascend; but whoever should be so fortunate as to reach the summit and ride three times round the palace would disenchant the Princess and have her to wife.

Numbers had already endeavored to ride up the mountain, but were all precipitated to its foot, and lay dead all around.

This wonderful story was re-echoed through the whole country, and, among others, the three brothers thought that they should also like to try their luck in riding up the glass mountain, and, if possible, win the princess.

Michael and George brought powerful young horses, and had their shoes well sharpened; but John saddled his little Millet-Thief, and they set out on their adventure.

They soon reached the glass mountain. The eldest rode first, but alas! his horse slipped, fell down with him, and both horse and rider forgot to get up again.

The second then attempted to ride up, but his horse also slipped, fell down with him, and both man and horse forgot to get up again. Now John rode up, and it went trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, and up they were, and again trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, and they had gone three times round the palace, as if Millet-Thief had been the same road a hundred times before.

Now they stood in front of the palace gates, which opened spontaneously, and the lovely princess stepped forth, clad in silk and gold, and extended her arms joyfully toward John, who instantly alighted from Millet-Thief, hastened toward her, and embraced her with the greatest delight.

The princess, then turning to the colt, caressed it fondly, and said:

"Ah, thou little rogue! why didst thou run away from me, so that I could no longer enjoy the only indulgence granted me, that of riding by night below on the green earth, as thou didst not return to bear me up and down the glass mountain? But now thou must never leave me again."

Then John became aware that his Millet-Thief belonged to the lovely princess. His brothers recovered from their fall, but John never saw them again. He lived happily, and far removed from all earthly cares, with his beautiful consort, in the enchanted palace on the glass mountain.

But to this mountain no other child of man has since found the way; because the enchantment was dissolved, and the princess released from the spell by the sagacity of her little horse, which had conducted to her her liberator and consort.

A LADY asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the great sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had heard that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

WHAT is that which, by losing an eye, has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

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Putnam, Conn.—Sunday at 10½ a. m., in Central Hall

Quincy, Mass.—Sunday at 1¾ p. m.

Richland Center, Wis.—Sunday at 1 p. m. Mr. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fidelia O. Pease, Guardian.

Richmond, Ind.—In Henry Hall, at 2 p. m. Eli Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.

Rochester, N. Y.—In Buck's Musical Institute, (Palmer's Hall,) Sunday afternoon at 2½ p. m. Mrs. Jonathan Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

Rockford, Ill.—Sunday, at 10½ a. m., in Wood's Hall. E. C. Dunn, Conductor; Mrs. Rockwood, Guardian.

Rock Island, Ill.—At 10 o'clock, in Norris Hall, Illinois street. W. T. Riggs, Conductor; Mrs. W. T. Riggs, Guardian.

Sacramento, Cal.—At Turn-Verein Hall, Sunday at 2 p. m. J. H. Lewis, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian.

San Francisco, Cal.—At Dashaway Hall, Post street, on Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m. Conductor, W. H. Manning; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. Buckbout.

Springfield, Mass.—Sunday at 10½ a. m., at Fallon's Hall. B. S. Williams, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Wyman, Guardian.

Springfield, Ill.—Sunday forenoon at 10 o'clock. Wm. H. Planck, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Planck, Guardian.

St. Johns, Mich.—Clinton Hall, every Sunday at 11 a. m. E. K. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.

St. Louis, Mo.—Sunday, at 2½ p. m., at Mercantile Hall. Col. Wm. E. Moberly, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Blood, Guardian.

At Polytechnic Institute, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 3 p m. Myron Coloney, Conductor; Henry Stagg, Cor. Sec.

Sturgis, Mich.—Sunday at 12½ p. m., in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

Troy, N. Y.—In Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2½ p. m. Monroe I. Keith, Conductor; Mrs. Louise Keith, Guardian.

Vineland, N. J—Sunday at 1 o'clock p. m. Hosea Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Deborah Butler, Guardian.

Willimantic, Conn.—Rimus Robinson, Conductor; Mrs. S. M. Purinton, Guardian.

Worcester, Mass.—In Horticultural Hall, Sunday, at 11½ a. m. Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.

Spiritualist Societies and Meetings.

PACIFIC STATES.

San Francisco, Cal—San Francisco Association of Spiritualists. President, J. D. Pierson; Secretary, J. W. Mackie.

Sacramento, Cal.—Children's Progressive Lyceum, every Sunday afternoon, at Turn Verein Hall, K street. Conductor, J. H. Lewis; Guardian, Miss Brewster.

Portland, Oregon—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists, every Sunday.

Salem, Oregon—Friends of Progress.

ATLANTIC STATES.

Baltimore, Md.—The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore on Sundays, at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets, at the usual hours. Mrs F. O. Hyzer will speak till further notice.

Bangor, Me.—In Pioneer Chapel, every Sunday.

Boston, Mass.—Miss Lizzie Doten will lecture each Sunday afternoon in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street, commencing at 2½ o'clock. Admittance 15 cents.

The Progressive Bible Society, every Sunday, in No. 3 Tremont Row, Hall 58. Free discussion on the Christian Atonement at 10½ a. m. Lecture followed by conference at 3 and 7 p. m. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer.

Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 544 Washington street. Conference at 2½ p. m. Circle at 7½ p. m.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Cumberland street Lecture Room, Sunday at 3 and 7½ p. m.

Charlestown Mass.—First Spiritual Society, at Washington Hall, every Sunday.

The Independent Society of Spiritualists, Charlestown, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square. Seats free.

City Hall meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening.

Chelsea.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea, at Library Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, 3 and 7½ p. m.

The Bible Christian Spiritualists, every Sunday in Winnisimmet Division Hall, Chelsea, at 3 and 7 p. m. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. D. J. Ricker, Superintendent.

Chicago, Ill.—First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall, State street. Hours of meeting 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m.

Spiritual meetings, for intellectual, scientific and spiritual improvement, every Sunday at 10½ a. m., and Tuesday at 7½ p. m., at the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, 155 South Clark street, room 9, third floor, till further notice. Seats free.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Religious society of Progressive Spiritualists, Greenwood Hall, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10½ and 7½ o'clock.

Cleveland, O.—Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m., in Temperance Hall.

East Boston, Mass.—In Temperance Hall, 18 Maverick street.

Foxboro', Mass.—In the Town Hall.

Lowell—Lee street Church, afternoon and evening.

Lynn, Mass.—Sunday, afternoon and evening, at Essex Hall.

Hammonton, N. J.—Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m., at Ellis Hall, Belleview Avenue.

Haverhill, Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings at Music Hall every Sunday, at 2½ and 7 p. m.

Jersey City, N. J.—Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m., at the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street.

Louisville, Ky.—Sundays, at 11 a. m. and 7½ p. m, in Temperance Hall, Market street, between 4th and 5th.

Morrisania, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists, in the Assembly Rooms, corner of Washington avenue and Fifth street, Sunday at 3½ p. m.

Newton Corner, Mass—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, in Middlesex Hall, Sundays, at 2½ and 7 p. m.

New York City.—The First Society of Spiritualists every Sunday, in Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway. Seats free.

At Ebbitt Hall, 23d street near Broadway, on Sundays, at 10½ a. m and 7½ p. m. H. B. Storer, Secretary.

Oswego, N. Y.—Sunday at 2½ and 7½ p. m., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street.

Philadelphia, Pa.—In the new hall in Phœnix street, every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Plymouth, Mass.—The Plymouth Spiritualists' Fraternity, in Leyden Hall, three fourths the time.

Portland, Oregon.—First Spiritual Society meet at Oro Fino Hall every Sunday, morning and evening.

At Washington Hall, corner of 8th and Spring Garden sts., every Sunday.

Spiritualists in the southern part of Philadelphia, at No. 337 South Second street, at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m., and on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Providence, R. I.—In Pratt's Hall, Weybosset street, Sunday afternoons, at 3, and evenings, at 7½ o'clock.

Putnam, Conn.—At Central Hall, Sunday at 1½ p. m.

Quincy, Mass.—Sunday at 2¾ and 7 p. m.

Richmond, Ind.—The Friends of Progress, every Sunday morning, in Henry Hall, at 10½ a. m.

Rochester, N. Y.—Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Black's Musical Institute (Palmer's Hall), Main street, Sunday evening. Public circle on Thursday evening.

Salem, Mass.—Sunday, afternoon and evening, in Lyceum Hall.

South Danvers, Mass.—In the Town Hall, Sunday at 2 and 7 p. m.

Springfield, Ill.—Every Sunday in the hall.

Springfield, Mass.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualists every Sunday at Fallon's Hall.

St. Louis.—At Polytechnic Institute, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 10½ a m and 7½ p. m.

Taunton, Mass.—Sunday, in Concert Hall.

Toledo, O.—Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m.

Troy, N. Y.—Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m., in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River streets.

Vineland, N. J.—Friends of Progress, Sunday at 10½ a. m.

Washington, D. C—In Union League Hall, every Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 7½ p. m.

Woburn Centre, Mass.—Bible Spiritualists, Central House Hall.

Worcester, Mass.—In Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening.

Lecturers' Appointments and Addresses

PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

John Allyn, Oakland, California.

Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye, rapping and writing test medium, 42 Geary street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy, Sacramento.

Miss Eliza Howe Fuller, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. C. M Stowe, lecturer and clairvoyant physician, San Jose, Cal.

Benjamin Todd, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. L. Hutchison will receive calls to lecture and teach the Harmonial Philosophy, illustrated by charts and diagrams which greatly assist in comprehending the structure of the universe and the spiritual spheres, as also the physical and mental development of matter and mind. Address, Owensville, Mono Co., Cal.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm J. Young, Boise City, Idaho Territory.

Mrs Lucy B. Huie, Oakland, Alameda County.

ATLANTIC STATES.

J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker, Boston.

C. Faunie Allyn, Londonderry, Vt., during July.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Lowell, during June. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. A P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, P. O. drawer 6825, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, 151 West 12th st., New York